613 Each man identifies himself with the lineage he belongs
*601 to, and the core of the lineage are the women. A woman who
606 marries "son" of the lineage is a "daughter-in-law" of the lineage. In this usage irago is a group-centered rather than Ego-centered term. This is corroborated by the fact that any woman who marries in the lineage is referred to by all the members of that lineafe as "our daughter-in-law" (parago—1st person plural inclusive.)

*601 This rule though strange, is yet another variant of general equivalence of a mother and her child which was expressed in different ways in the Crow rule (which equated mother's brother with brother), in female parallel collateral skewing rule (which equated mother's sister with sister), and it will be apparent again in the vocative system (where one's mother's parents are equated with one's own parents).

*601 Here also I would like to make an exception and anti-
607 cipate the social meaning of the present equivalence rule. By
835 placing brother's wife in the category of irago, the Bororo removed her from the category of sexual partners to which she previously belonged (as imarugo or itonaregedu), and so through the terminology, they express the ideal and the necessity of solidarity among brothers.

*601 With this, the analysis of the Bororo referential system is concluded. All the kin types have been accounted for and reduced to their focal kin types. The boundaries of the sys-
*601 tem coincide closely with the list on pages 11-18. Occa-
609 sionally, if convenient, some Bororo may restrict or extend

these boundaries, but most of the time for genealogically more distant kin they will switch to extragenealogical extensions and apply criteria different from those used in referring to genealogically close kinsmen.

The test of the rules, i.e., the reduction of kin types to their class foci will be found in the Appendix.

personated in ceremonies during his life. The exchange is total. He gets a new name, becomes an Aroe, and joins the other Aroe in Bakororo and Itubore. Dressed in colored feathers, the Aroe are beautiful and spend their time dancing and singing. It is a world without dangerous sex and without enemies, without foreign tribes and Brazilians; it is a cultural place. Man comes from nature and dies into culture.

But this is not the end. The Aroe, too, get hungry, and the living make meals for the spirits when they eat food in the name of Aroe. Aroe enter their representatives and eat. The dead are dependent on the living. And the living are dependent on the dead. Aroe come to the living in the forms of fish and animals to be caught. The exchange continues.

> Aroe come again and again to visit their mother, their father, their children, their poari, their bow and arrow. They transform themselves into nabure, kuido, kudoro [varieties of macaws] kuruguqwa [a variety of hawk], aroe echeba [harpy eagle], and come again and again. They transform themselves into fish, into tubore [a variety of small fish]. The same fish, the same animals that we eat. Thus we are eating each other.[1]

Culture and nature occupy the same space. Older and younger brothers, though opposed, are still one; mother and child never really become totally separated--separation is a continuous process. Fission and fusion are complementary

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1 "Aroeeture mato tuje, tuwo, tonaregedu tuguye poari, tudugo, tuwoiga bogai mato pugeje t t t je. Du wure nabure, kuido, kudoro, kurugugwa, aroe echeba udo pudumi, tugiyarigodu keje t t t je ji-je rugada tuyamedu tabo. Ere kare edo pudumi, are tubore edo pudumi. Duwu karo, barogo jire pagwagere oino. Kodire puire pagwagere oino."

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

133 everywhere precipitous, and in many places, perpendicular. The basins below are, for the most part, fairly level, while here and there colossal towers arise. After a storm, the air [132] is amazingly clear and transparent. This, and the altitude of our position, enabled us to see enormous distances in every direction, and to look down upon a stupendous expanse of wild, rugged, unexplored and unknown world, that was scarred and furrowed, torn and upheaved by the storms, convulsions and subsidences of countless ages. Our view of the earth was like gazing at the moon through a powerful telescope, and beholding a hemisphere of mountains and hills, plateaux, valleys and chasms. At one place, the Rio Vermelho has tunneled under a mountain and one can look down into appalling depths; while at other exceedingly interesting localities on the edge of this Giant's table, some of which we visited New Year's day, this river has made prodigious excavations. Once, standing on the edge of a broad, vertical-walled gorge and shouting toward the opposite wall, we listened to a splendid echo which bounded and rebounded, again and again, zigzagging, as it descended the gorge to the open basin. We also saw this day, numerous rain-storms raging around us at the same moment, some near and others remote. This was one of the most peculiar and interesting New Year's Days that I have ever experienced.

131 Steamboats could ascend from the Amazon and from the river della Plata to within a few miles of where we stood. There are rapids to overcome on the Amazon side, 'tis true, but none on the Rio della Plata side. This would give nearly three thousand miles of navigation each way from the divide.

We had now left civilization behind and were getting into the land of the Bororó. Our New Year's encampment was 361 609 close to the first small village of this tribe that we had yet [291 seen, and these simple dwellers of the wilderness, wearing [302 nothing but a coat of red grease, thronged about us all the time we remained here, gazing at us curiously, for we were 533 no less a freak to them than they were to us. It was while here that I first heard them sing the *bakororó*, the wild man's

8:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1909
SP8 Bororo SP8

which was hanging on a tree, and some large, black ants that sting worse than a hornet, planted their stings into the joints of my fingers. Altogether, I felt as if I were on fire. But near morning, we got a little respite from the mosquitoes, for a fog settled down over the forest. As soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, the "day gangs" of our little tormentors renewed the attack.

All during the second day we continued to carve our way through the tangled vegetation, and to drag ourselves along, arriving at our destination at nightfall, exhausted, and nearly in tatters. To increase our discomfiture, we were short of food, for our cook had neglected to bring along any beef other than the potful he had boiled just before we begun our journey. Therefore, we had to eat sparingly; and to fry the whole potful again and again, each time we dined, to keep it from spoiling.

We were a freak to the primitive citizens of the Kogi au Paro village, many of whom having never before seen a *braidi*—white man. The women and children, especially, came out of their huts, and standing at the entrances, like prairie-dogs on their hillocks, gazed intently at us with fear and curiosity.

This village had swarmed some time previous to our visit, and was now two villages. The new brood occupied open ground near the river, but the mother horde lived in the wildest locality that I have ever seen human beings dwell in. To reach it, we had to cross the river Pogúbu, which was between one and two hundred yards wide, with a strong, flood-like current. Having nothing with which to ferry ourselves over, we had to plunge in and swim, towing our baggage over, assisted by two Bororó, on a rude float made by binding together three bunches of bamboo rods. There was but one spot on the opposite side of the river where we could get ashore, owing to the impenetrable masses of bushes and trees that lined the edge of the water and reached far out into it. To allow for the current, and to avoid striking below this particular spot, we had to work up at the edge of the river

despair, totally unfits himself for life's real duties and privileges and shortens his days.

We now began to entertain anxious thoughts as to how we should make land at the second Kogi au Paro village, which was a little below our point of embarkation, where we were to complete our arrangements for descending the river. We seemed to be afloat on a perpetual motion which we were powerless to stop. The edge of the river was lined with dangerous obstructions and we dared not go too near. How, then, were we to run our unwieldy float into the narrow opening in front of the village? But the Hand of Providence guided us as before, and we succeeded in making land without damage. At the last moment, two Bororó, plunging into [123] the water, seized our raft, and pulling with great force, enabled us to get it to shore.

When we had finally made fast to the root of a tree by means of a bark line, Senhor Guveia, who had become thoroughly frightened, sprang ashore, declaring that nothing would induce him to navigate further on such a craft.

Having fried for the seventh time our pot of boiled beef and eaten the last of it with some green corn-cakes, which, after baking in the ashes, had been fried, we further strengthened our raft with bark rope, made another paddle and other arrangements, then continued our novel voyage down the 123 pretty little river. In place of Senhor Guveia, who had decided 609 to return through the forest, we took with us two Bororó who had accompanied us from the Ta Dare Mano Paro village. They were delighted with the prospect of returning home so easily, and by means of such a strange conveyance. The entire Kogi au Paro village came down to the river to gaze at our strange craft and to see us "sail," for this was a most unusual event in their lives; besides, they were more friendly toward us, and not so fearful and exclusive as the upper village.

Getting our craft once more in motion, we did not meet with any dangers until we were more than half-way home. We were therefore finding our trip very enjoyable. The